

The Saturday News

Vol. III

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1908

No. 24

NOTE AND COMMENT

Will the Election Act Amendment Bill bring on a dissolution of the House of Commons? The Opposition is "putting up such a fight over it as may force that result. Supplies are being held up and it may be found impossible to proceed with the business of the session in which an appeal to the country is inevitable.

Under the circumstances, too close attention cannot be given to the facts of the situation. The Saturday News has in its last two issues devoted considerable space to the discussion but certain observations which were made in reply by the Edmonton Journal and by an anonymous letter-writer, that paper make it necessary to say something more this week.

The accuracy of certain statements made upon this page have been challenged. The Journal insists, for one thing, that 9000 Conservatives were disfranchised by the "thin red line operators" in Manitoba in 1904. We can find no evidence to show that any such number lost their votes, either in the minutes of the committee which made investigation at Ottawa two sessions ago or in the Hansard report of the speeches of the Manitoba members. But we are not disposed to argue the point, for, as we said last week, the exact number has no bearing on the present measure. The more there were disfranchised in 1904, the greater need there is for a remedy in 1908. If Parliament does not provide the latter at the present session, we shall have, when the next general election comes on, conditions exactly as they were four years ago. If returning officers can be found on this occasion to act at all, they will have to take similar means to prepare the lists for use in the Manitoba constituencies as they did in 1904. Up to date no one has suggested how an election could have been held in that province if these officials had not "mutilated" the lists, by distributing voters into their proper constituencies. Let us note what two of their critics have to say, however.

Mr. Knott, the counsel who prosecuted them when examined at Ottawa, admitted that the course that they took was reasonable. All he charged was that it was not legal. On the other hand Mr. Borden, in his speech on the present bill, quoted the two sections of the Dominion Elections Act, under which, to use his own words "it was sought to justify, in the province of Manitoba, that which was done not by returning officers, but by Mr. Leach the head of the Liberal organization." After quoting these, he added: "That law can be carried out without any difficulty provided you have honest returning officers, provided you have officers disposed to do their duty, and who do not hand over these functions to be discharged by the Liberal organizer in any province, whoever he may happen to be."

Whom are we to credit, Mr. Knott or Mr. Borden? One denies the legality of the action of the returning officers, the other affirms it. The fact that they very improperly called in the Liberal organizer to help them has nothing to do with the question as to whether they had the right to use the "thin red line" or not.

But whether Mr. Knott or Mr. Borden is correct in his particular interpretation of the law, it is clear that with conditions as they were before the election of 1904 allowed to continue, the way would be thrown open to endless difficulties. In the first place it will be practically impossible after the experience of the last set of returning officers, to get another set of officials. But if they could be secured and they proceeded to make the distribution after the manner of their predecessors,

we are not likely to have voters disfranchised just as they were in 1904? No matter what honest intentions they acted we cannot see how this could be avoided. But suppose they do not want to be honest, what is to prevent them from making wrongful use of their power? It should be provided that the work of distributing voters according to their proper constituencies shall be done so as to avoid as far as possible the evils of which we have heard so much complaint.

For the need of making some provision for the distribution of those who are on the provincial list according to the Dominion constituencies in which they reside is thus, to the Saturday News, quite clear. But the bill now before the House does more than this. It provides for the making of new lists based upon those in use for provincial elections, but from which names may be struck off, on its being shown that they should be, according to the law, or others added, which should rightfully have a place there. For the purpose of doing this work and at the same time of making the distribution according to constituencies,

officers are to be appointed by the Dominion authorities. This applies to Manitoba and British Columbia and the parts of Ontario and Quebec which are not municipally organized. In all the provinces east of the Great Lakes, with the exception of the newer parts of Ontario and Quebec, no interference is made with the lists that are in use in provincial elections. Discrimination is thus made between different provinces, and the result is the cry, that the two of them, to the whole of which this bill applies, are being unfairly used, is raised. To justify the measure, it must therefore be shown that conditions in these two provinces call for special treatment. We think it has been shown that they do.

In all the eastern provinces, the lists are prepared by the municipalities, the officials of which are not the appointees of any political party. The permanence of their position and their local knowledge give assurance that the lists which they certify to are not only as correct as it is possible to make them but that if mistakes are made, they are not made for the purpose of influencing

either Dominion or Provincial elections. When the Liberals from 1885 to 1898 were agitating for the retention of provincial lists, there is no doubt in the world that it was lists of this character which they had in view. When Mr. Fitzpatrick introduced the bill in 1898, which did away with the old franchise act and restored the provincial lists, he made the significant statement, in referring to the Northwest Territories, that "as the Territories had no municipal institutions, it would be necessary for the Dominion to make its own lists." The Toronto News, which has always been a strong supporter of the Conservative leader, frankly stated a few weeks ago that the lists which the government had in mind when it introduced its legislation in 1898 were those of the municipalities.

But in Manitoba and British Columbia it is not lists of this character that are in use. There they are prepared by provincial appointees and, no matter what the rights and wrongs of the charges are, it is stated that these appointees use their powers to promote the interests of the party to which they belong

and that the party which is out of power is placed at a disadvantage. Knowing what we do of politics, we can be reasonably certain that there is just cause for complaint by the party which happens to be out of power and that the Dominion is justified in stepping in and affording a remedy. Where the municipal system prevails, on the other hand, there is every reason to believe that all voters will be given equal chance.

But it will not help matters if when the Dominion Government steps in, it merely transfers the power from one partisan officer appointed by the provincial authorities to a partisan officer appointed by itself. By so doing, it will simply be bringing back the rule, so far as these provinces are concerned, of the revising harrier, who was so loudly denounced during the Conservative regime of 1885-1896.

The bill now before the House, therefore, requires examination as to the remedy which it provides. In introducing it, Mr. Aylesworth declared that the work would be done by a registration board, subject to an appeal to the county

judges. When the Saturday News made its previous comments on the measure, it accepted the Minister of Justice's statement that the appeal to the judges was provided. Now the Journal, in criticizing this paper, points out that the bill contains no reference to the judges whatever. On examination of the text we find that this is the case. But sub-section two of section one says that "in the preparation of such lists the provisions of the laws of the province regulating the preparation and manner of revising and bringing into force the provincial voters' lists is like cases shall as far as possible be observed." The provincial laws provide for appeal to the judges and we presume that it was the effect of the sub-section that we have quoted that Mr. Aylesworth had in mind when he made his statement.

Whether this interpretation be correct or not, it does not alter the position of the Saturday News. It supported this bill on the strength of Mr. Aylesworth's statement. It believed that the control of the list by the judges was provided for. If it is not, then it has no hesitation in saying that this section of the bill should not go through.

However, events have moved since Mr. Aylesworth made his speech. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier came to discuss the measure, he made a proposition, which leaves no doubt as to the intentions of the government. He offered, in short, to leave the matter of preparation altogether in the hands of the judges. The Journal denies that he did so and adds that if he did make the amendment, it would be defeated. This is a rather remarkable statement. How long would Sir Wilfrid like remain at the head of the government if a proposition, to which he deliberately pledged himself, were thrown out by his followers. As to the fact of the offer, we have only to quote his words to show how clear and unmistakable it was:

"If they think it is unfair," he said, "that the lists in which they want to go to the election should be prepared by their opponents, do they think it is fair that the lists upon which they have to go to the election should be prepared by our opponents? Can we not agree therefore to devise a law which will remove the control of the elections both from the Grits and the Tories, so as to give satisfaction to both Grits and Tories? That is the proposition which I have to make to my hon. friend from Marquette, and to all the other hon. gentlemen sitting on the other side of the House."

"I have to say this to my hon. friend (Mr. Loche). He will take my suggestion for what it is worth, he will accept it or not accept it, but I think we shall have a fair list upon which to prepare the lists for the election, without any suspicion on the part of anybody if the lists are prepared altogether under judicial authority."

"My hon. friend, the leader of the Opposition, has appealed to me and I also appeal to him. I appeal to him in the name of fairness, of broad equity, of natural justice, to help us to frame an Act which will place the whole machinery of the preparation of the lists under judicial authority so as to give satisfaction to Grit and Tory and so that when an election takes place, sooner or later, the voice of the people absolutely untrammelled may be given expression to. That is the position which we take, and that is the position which we place before the House and before the country."

Could anything be fairer? The acceptance of this proposition would place the control of the lists altogether outside the hands of the party organizers. Surely the Conservative leaders will not force an appeal to the country on an issue as to whether the judges or the partisan leaders, who happen to be in control of the administrations, in the two provinces principally affected, are to have the control of the preparation of the lists?

The Journal goes on to recall a "memorable fight" in the Manitoba Legislature and "a still-born measure" that was to have been introduced at Ottawa some years ago, neither of which has anything to do

(Continued on page 4)

The Start in the First Alberta Marathon

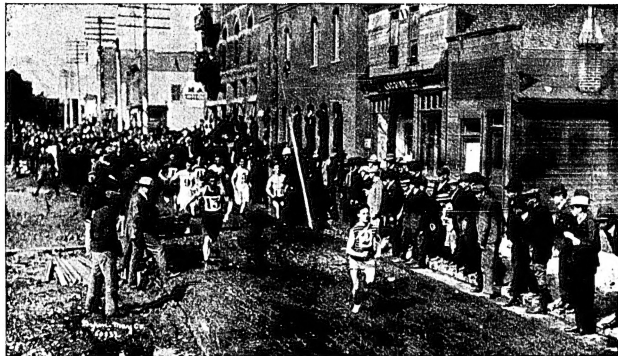
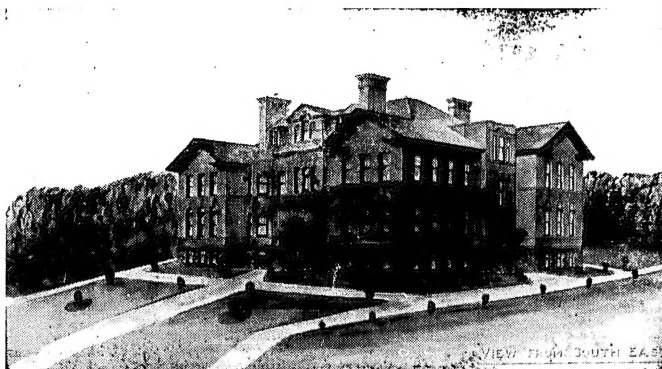


Photo by Byron May Co.

Turner, who finished third, is shown in the lead. Burn, the winner, whose number was 12, is running second. An extended notice of the event appears on another page

Another Splendid School for Edmonton



Published by courtesy of the Bulletin

The new Norwood school, the corner stone of which was laid with appropriate ceremony on Thursday afternoon of this week, by Grand Master Hogbin of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Alberta, which has been in session in Edmonton this week. The handsome structure, which is situated on Norwood boulevard, is the design of Mr. R. W. Lines, while the contractors are Messrs. Peasey and Baton. In the box under the stone there were

placed: "Grains of the Province of Alberta; a set of postage stamps of the present day; a school report for 1907; the Edmonton Bulletin; the Edmonton Journal; The Saturday News; Le Courrier de l'Ouest; the Alberta Herald; and a scroll. After the address by the Grand Master, Premier Rutherford added his congratulations to the Board on their enterprise.

The following were the new officers chosen by the Grand Lodge

during its session, held on the day of the laying of the corner stone: Grand master, H. W. Hogbin, Calgary; Deputy grand master, J. McDonald, Calgary; Senior grand warden, J. J. Dunlop, Edmonton; Junior grand warden, A. E. Jamieson, Edmonton; Grand treasurer, Dr. Lindsay, Calgary; Grand secretary, Dr. Geo. McDonald. The new district deputies chosen are as follows: District No. 1, H. S. McLeod,

Calgary; District No. 2, H. Scott, Macleod; District No. 3, A. K. Dewar, Edmonton; District No. 4, N. E. Carruthers, Lacombe; District No. 5, J. I. Brewster, Bowden; District No. 6, Percy Taylor, High River.

There was a large attendance of members of the craft from all over the province. In the evening the local brethren held a reception in honor of the visitors.

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The Saturday News

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SATURDAY, MAY 30

Personalia.

Major Stewart Mulvey, an old-
timer of Winnipeg and the father of
the Orange Order in the West, died
the other day at Vancouver, to
which city he had recently removed
from the prairie capital.

Col. W. M. Gartshore, a well-
known citizen of London, Ont., who
is the present head of the McClary
Company, visited Edmonton this
week. His wife accompanied him.

Mr. R. V. Bellamy, Edmonton, the
first Rhodes scholar from Alberta,
has been granted the degree of
Master of Arts by McMaster Uni-
versity.

Capt. Carstairs, of Strathcona,
has been appointed instructor of
Musketry in Alberta by the Military
Department at Ottawa and will enter
upon his duties at the approaching
encampment at Calgary.

The Cardston Star says editorially:
"We had the extreme pleasure of
a visit from W. F. Stevens of Clover
Bar, secretary of the Alberta Farm-
ers' Association. Mr. Stevens came
in on Saturday from Medicine Hat,
where he had been attending the
Stock Growers' Association at the
solicitation of the Deputy Minister
of Agriculture. He had a few days
to spare between that convention
and the meeting of the Fat Stock
Show in Calgary and he decided
there was no better place to put
them in than at Cardston. He was
met at the train by Mr. Thomas
Woodford and Mr. E. N. Barker.
Mr. Woodford had to leave on the
afternoon train for Regina so the
big fellow was turned over to the
tender mercies of the Customs
officer and there is no doubt but
what he did his "duty" and did it
well. Saturday afternoon Mr.
Stevens took a drive out to Mr.
Woodford's farm and other places
east of the St. Mary's River. Sun-
day and Monday were spent in and
around the town. On Monday, Mr.
Jelliffe another big gun in the
A.E.A. joined Mr. Stevens at Card-
ston and helped to jolly along the
time and tell him all about the heavy
crops and light expenses, etc., etc.,
etc. We asked this 250 pounds of
jolly avoidpious what he thought of
Cardston and he politically said, "It
is the best I have seen since I left
Clover Bar," with special and in-
creased emphasis upon Clover Bar.
From this it will be seen that he is
not only not patriotic Mr. Stevens
went on to say, "I saw some very
fine winter wheat and alfalfa at
Mr. Woodford's place. I am as-
tonished at this weather for a sup-
posed-to-be semi-arid country. So
far as I can see I am not at all sur-
prised now as to the quality of the
grain you produce here. Our soil
has more vegetable mould and we
may be able to produce more and
softer straw than you do here but
we cannot produce the quality of
grain that you do."

Mr. Stevens originally came from
Ontario but has spent some of his
time in the Hoosier State to the
south. He is just the fellow to send
to a "Fat Stock Show" and we must
compliment the department upon his
selection. He tells a good joke in a
rich way and in a way likely to put
the vest buttons out of business.
He is a great favorite among the
farmers, being a most practicable
and amiable fellow typical and
characteristic of the excess and
adipose all fat men are "jolly
good fellows." We hope that he will
tell the good people all along the line
of the fine place we have here and
invite them to come and see it for
themselves."

There is absolutely no connection
between the work of this hospital
and any experiments on living ani-
mals that may be made in the
Loomis laboratory. What we shall
try to do here is to cure every case
that is brought in and return the
animals to their owners in good con-
dition.

"No charge whatever is made for
treatment or care of animals brought
to us. We do not, however, intend
to take cases from those who can
afford to pay a competent veteri-
narian for his services. On the other
hand, we expect that veterinarians
will send to us the cases that come
to their attention in which there is
no profit to them."

If we stop and consider, surely we
must acknowledge that much of our
duty in this life consists in trying to
right wrongs and ameliorate the
conditions of those less fortunate, or
of trying to palliate suffering.

The move made by the Cornell

OUR DUTY TO DUMB ANIMALS.

A. A. Albertson citizen points out a Significant Departure just
made in New York and enters a Powerful Plea for a
Consideration of the Subject. The Important Bearing
which it has on one of the largest industries of this
Province. The Nightmare of a Trip with
Cattle from Alberta to Britain.

Editor Alberta Homestead.

Dear Sir, The following clipping
from the New York Herald of Feb.
21st, 1908, surely marks an epoch
in our history the full significance
of which may possibly not be at first
recognized:

With the opening of the Cornell
University Hospital for dogs and
cats there has been established for
the first time in this city an abso-
lutely free hospital and dispensary
for the treatment of diseases and
injuries of animals. Although it has
been open only about three weeks
and there has been no effort to at-
tract public attention to it, the in-
stitution has already treated a con-
siderable number of canine and fel-
ine patients.

This new hospital is in East
Twenty-sixth street, almost opposite
the main entrance to Bellevue Hos-
pital. On its three floors are re-
ception rooms, isolation wards for
contagious cases, a kitchen where
food for the animals is prepared, a
bath-room where every patient is
thoroughly cleaned upon being ad-
mitted, a large and well lighted op-
erating room equipped with the
latest devices in sterilizing apparat-
us and instruments such as are
found in hospitals for human beings,
and a "general ward," consisting of
two rows of wire fronted cages
where the "patients" are kept.

At the head of the hospital staff is
Dr. Frederick Gwyer, professor of
operative surgery in Cornell Uni-
versity Medical College. Associated
with him as principal assistant is
Dr. Thomas C. Sherman, a member
of the Royal College of Veterinary
Surgeons. Dr. William A. Downes,
Dr. J. Prescott Grant and Dr. Carl
G. Bardick, all of the Cornell medi-
cal faculty, are also assistants to
Dr. Gwyer, while the routine of the
hospital is in charge of James J.
Woods, head nurse.

Some interesting operations have
already been performed. One of
these was the removal of a four
pound tumor from a cat, which is
now well and back at its owner's
home. Two or three dogs also have
been successfully operated on for tu-
mors. The only patient in the hos-
pital when a Herald reporter visited
it yesterday was a homeless and
ownerless setter, which was picked
up in one of the west side streets.
A woman who knew of the establish-
ment of the new hospital sent word
of the dog's plight, and an ambu-
lance was sent for. The animal had
been severely scalded. Under the
treatment being administered it is
likely to recover.

"It is the idea of establishing the
hospital," said Dr. James Ewing,
professor of pathology in Cornell
Medical College, "to give our stu-
dents an opportunity to observe the
diseases of the lower animals and to
witness surgical operations on them,
not only to learn something about
the anatomy, physiology and pathol-
ogy of the dog and the cat, but be-
cause many of the conditions ex-
isting in the lower animals are an-
alogous to those of mankind, if not
identical."

"There is absolutely no connection
between the work of this hospital
and any experiments on living ani-
mals that may be made in the
Loomis laboratory. What we shall
try to do here is to cure every case
that is brought in and return the
animals to their owners in good con-
dition."

"No charge whatever is made for
treatment or care of animals brought
to us. We do not, however, intend
to take cases from those who can
afford to pay a competent veteri-
narian for his services. On the other
hand, we expect that veterinarians
will send to us the cases that come
to their attention in which there is
no profit to them."

If we stop and consider, surely we
must acknowledge that much of our
duty in this life consists in trying to
right wrongs and ameliorate the
conditions of those less fortunate, or
of trying to palliate suffering.

Medical Faculty should be an im-
portant advance as recognising or plan-
ning a method of studying ills and in
helping to ameliorate pain, curing
grievances, complaints, or diseases in
our domestic animals, who, when ill,
may suffer as much as we do.

VIVISECTION UNPOPULAR
For some time vivisection pure
and simple, and as practiced hereto-
fore, has become unpopular and has
not with active opposition from
humane people or animal lovers, and
the extent to which it has contrib-
uted to the welfare of men has been
much disputed, so the practice has
been accused of much unnecessary
cruelty without absolute compensa-
tion to the human or animal races.

As we drift over life's surface and
ponder on things terrestrial we are
fain to confess that as we proceed, it
is harder year by year to separate
one part of the universe from the
other, and it is difficult to say when
dealing with any matter, or thing,
what the effect may be upon other
objects or beings, being closely or
distinctly associated therewith.
Therefore we welcome the move of
the Cornell Medical Faculty in recog-
nizing that the animal world of
living and sentient beings is so
close to the human family, or that
both are parts of the same family,
that in ameliorating the lot of one,
the other is benefited thereby. By
doing this an area is started of
greater breadth and humanity which
cannot help but bear upon the
human family, more particularly
in the long run. The animal crea-
tion has so far been looked upon by
the majority of mankind as his par-
ticular property, of which he was
the master or the arbiter to kill,
mutilate or experiment upon it in
any manner he might think best, his
methods to be merciful or unmerci-
ful, himself the sole judge of these
methods.

Statesmen and great thinkers or
reformers, have for many genera-
tions been working out problems
for the betterment of the lot of man,
with man in many cases carefully
obscuring his own progress. But
still the work goes on and in very
recent times we have seen the pas-
sing of acts of parliament recogniz-
ing the fact that the lot of our fel-
low man must be improved and that
the march of justice and progress
must be ever onward.

To establish a hospital for domes-
tic animals may seem childish to
some who do not look further into
the matter, but to others, who may
probe deeper, it will appear to be a
step in the right direction, a part
of real progress going hand in hand
with the betterment of the lot of the
average man who may not have that
least in the most favorable cir-
cumstances. If the lot of the intel-
ligent domestic animals should in
some cases be so vastly improved
that it is superior to the lot of many
human beings surely there should
be less excuse for trying to im-
pede the progress of the human fam-
ily.

A CHANGE FROM THE OLD DAYS.

As we find it difficult to find the
dividing line between the animal
being and plant life, so do we find
it difficult to find a dividing line
between the human and the rest of
animal life, that is, at any rate, as
regards their bodily welfare. Our
fathers taught that our domestic
animals were a separate entity and
should be treated in health and dis-
ease with different nostrums and
prescriptions to those in vogue for
the human patient. We, in our day,
when the family horse, cat or dog,
becomes sick, look up his complaint
in our family doctor book and use
the remedy we find there prescribed
for ourselves, should we have that
form of complaint. The Cornell
Medical Faculty jumps the old fence
at a bound and combines the study
of human pathology with animal
pathology, no doubt to the great ben-
efit of both branches.

We have long used the same
methods of cure in cases of accidents

Is the Whisky You Use a Pure Whisky?

Originally whisky was made from
malted barley in the simplest constructed
pot-still.

To-day whisky is made from cereal
grains, malted and unmalted, and from
potato starch and other sugar-yielding
substances. These materials, however,
produce an inferior cheap grade of
whisky. The choicest whisky, still pro-
duced, is that made from pure barley malt
by the pot-still method - the simplest and
yet the most perfect way of distilling
whisky. But the purest flavored and
most wholesome whisky is that made
from a blend of a number of choice pot-
still whiskies. It's in this way that
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— sung and played as you never heard them sung and
played before; with famous soloists and the most celebrated
bands and orchestras to bring out their rich harmony and
sentiment in full perfection.

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tiful sacred selections; grand opera numbers by the world's greatest stars;
comic songs and minstrel humor; perfect dance music; classic
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In a certain Edmonton home, the mother and father are keen bridge-players. Sometimes the son of the house sits up and watches the game. Not long ago he started to school, where this incident occurred:

"Now, children," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "our lesson today tells us of the power possessed by kings and queens. Can any of you name a still greater power?"

"Yes, I can," replied the new scholar.

"What, Willie?" asked the teacher.

"Aves."

Said a sweet-faced young Sunday School teacher to her class of bright little Canadians: "Now, children, what lessons may we learn from the life of Sampson?"

"Not to let a woman cut yer hair," said a small chap whose uneven locks betrayed an amateur operator.

A down-east newspaper tells this circus-day story.

A young couple from the country, on a visit to a show, had succumbed to fatigue, and were seated on a bale of hay in an obscure corner of the menagerie tent.

"What do you reckon is the most strange thing we seed?" said the girl.

"It's hard ter say; but I know what I'd like ter be now?"

"The trapeze man?" she ventured.

"No, not him."

"Mebe the ring master?"

"Nor him. Yer recollect the octopus in the glass tank? Well, I'd like ter be he."

"Why?"

"Cos he'd nigh unto a hundred arms, an' I'd like ter use 'em all a-huggin' you a hundred times at once."

"Jerry, that's a very wrong wish."

"Tain't, neither."

"Oh, yes, 'tis. It's sinful ter waste time wishing for the impossible, 'stead of makin' the best of such opportunities as yer happen ter have."

Then Jerry rose to the occasion and put all his energy into the general art of outwitting.

"Mrs. Guinness and her exploits are responsible for the following adventure into the realm of poetry by the Emporia, Kansas, Gazette:

"Her voice it had timbre, her spirit had fire, and people were charmed when she sang in the choir, the beautiful anthems we all knew and love, she sang, and her face was the face of a dove; and then she would go on her way, evil-starred, and plant a few friends in her little back yard. They are digging the bones of the people she killed, the barn and the woodshed with bodies are filled, the horrified coroner's shaking his head as he tries to keep tab on the heaps of the dead. Her voice it was full of a sacred desire when she stood up on Sunday and sang in the choir; and her face as serene as the breaking of dawn and her eyes like the stars when the night cloud is gone. And so, gentle reader, how are we to know, the saint from the sinner in this world below? The preacher that stirs us with sermons that hum, may steal all our chickens when darkness has come; the maiden who greets us with laughter and glee, may sprinkle some arsenic into the tea; the matronly woman who righteously treads, may pick up a cleaver and chop off her head."

THE SOUTH GOING DRY.

Lay the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last,

For the miracle has happened and the olden days are past.

That which makes Milwaukee famous doesn't foam in Tennessee,

And the lid in Alabama is as tight

locked as can be;

And the comic paper Colonel and his cronies well may sigh,

For the mint is waving gaily, and the South is going dry.

By the stillside on the hillside in Kentucky, all is still

And the only damp refreshment must be dipped up from the rill.

Noth Carolina's stately Governor gives his soda glass a shove,

And discusses local option with the South Carolina Gov.

It is useless at the fountain to be winkful of the eye,

For the cocktail glass is dusty and the south is going dry.

It is water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink,

We no longer hear the music of the mellow crystal clink

When the Colonel and the General and the Major and the Jedge Meet to have a little nip to give the appetite an edge—

For the eggnog now is nogless and the rye has gone awry,

And the punch-bowl holds carnations and the South is going dry.

The Voice.

School Teacher: "And now that we have finished discussing the lion and the tiger, who can tell me about the lynx?"

Tommy: "No'm."

Teacher: "Then why did you raise your hand?"

Tommy: "I thought Willie Wugles could tell."

Teacher: "And what made you think Willie could describe the lynx?"

Tommy: "'Cause his brother's a caddy."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, if we are to believe a current American magazine, tells with keen enjoyment of the experience of a medical friend of his who engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting the patient and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him if he began to see snakes again.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" demanded the physician.

"But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently.

"He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."

During an epidemic of influenza which laid low the verger and churchwarden, a clergyman instructed a coachman to take the offertory one Sunday morning.

"Take the what, sir?" asked the man completely mystified by a word which to him was quite unusual.

"Go round with the bag and take the offertory—the collection—the money from the people in the pews," the clergyman explained.

The coachman now seemed to understand what was required of him so off he went and the hymn commenced.

Suddenly there was an unseemly interruption, and the coachman was seen to be engaged in angry altercation with two of the congregation seated in a prominent part of the church. The minister peremptorily summoned him to the altar rails.

"What is it?" he asked in consternation. "Why," said the coachman, "there's two men in the best seats that won't pay."

Abernethy, the great Scotch physician, was supposed to influence people by a brusqueness amounting to absolute rudeness. It is related that one day a very valuable lady took her daughter, who was ill, to see him.

"Which of you want to consult me?" asked Abernethy.

"My daughter," replied the elder woman.

Abernethy then put a question to the girl. Before she had a chance to reply, her mother began a long



BATH SPONGES

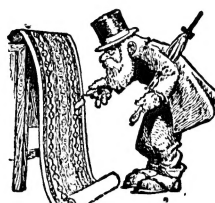
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Note and Comment

(Continued from page 1)

with the issue that is now to be fore.

Further, it asks whether the Saturday News favors doing away with the secret ballot, as provided for by section 17 of the Aylesworth bill. Mr. Aylesworth distinctly stated in introducing the measure that he would confine himself to a discussion of the first section, which was uppermost in the public mind, and that the other provisions would be taken up at a later stage. He has not yet explained the object of section 17 and till he does so, we have no opinion to offer in regard to it, one way or the other.

The letter signed "Fair Play," in which the Saturday News is further denounced, was done considerable damage to by the Journal make-up man, and is as a result not very intelligible. But its argument is practically the same as that of the editorial-writer and has already been answered. "Fair Play" asks if any person in British Columbia ever found fault with the lists in that province. We have no specific in-

stances of complaint before us, but there is no reason why, with a similar system of preparing lists, these should not appear just as they have in Manitoba. At any rate an amendment of the Franchise Act designed to apply to one province, not possessing municipal lists, should certainly apply to every other so situated.

There is this very important point, in connection with the position of our own province, to consider when discussing the present legislation. In Alberta and Saskatchewan, the lists for the Dominion elections are prepared by the Dominion authorities. The reason has already been explained by the quotation which we made from the speech delivered by Mr. Fitzpatrick in 1898. But does this not mean a discrimination between Alberta and Saskatchewan and the rest of the country? If the Dominion has no right to intervene in Manitoba and British Columbia, has it any right to intervene in Alberta and Saskatchewan?

We have gone into this question as fully as we have, because we realize its importance and because our critics have seized the opportunity of making some disparaging

references to the policy underlying the conduct of this paper. The Saturday News is spoken of as "this so-called independent paper." It is evident that the Journal and its correspondent attach a different meaning to the word "independent" from that which it conveys to the editor of the Saturday News. The latter has never had any desire to publish a paper that remained on the fence whenever any issue arose in regard to which people's opinions were likely to be divided. He has his views on most subjects and he intends to express them, no matter whether school keeps or not. All he can do is to assure his readers that no party has any tag on him, that it rests solely with his judgment what appears on this page and what does not, and he proposes to treat every question that arises purely on its merits. If they do not think that he is doing so, that his judgment is not good or that his honesty is open to question, he hopes they will write and point out the respects in which he is at fault. This policy, he thinks, is a more self-respecting one and more calculated to advance the public interests, than that of constantly trying to a

(Continued on page 8.)



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The Kilties are Comin'

JUNE 20.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



On the front page of this issue appears an illustration, showing the start of the first Alberta Marathon race, from the Alberta Hotel, Edmonton, to the race course at Fort Saskatchewan, which was won by Art Burn of Calgary. The winner will take part in the Marathon contest at the Olympic games in London and with him the best wishes of every Albertan will go. Judging by his performance on a muddy road and by the showing that he made on various occasions last year, he will do both the province and the Dominion all credit.

Edmonton's hopes were centered on young Fraser of Fort Chipewyan, who came second after a game struggle. With more experience, he will undoubtedly be heard from. Out of fifteen entries, but eight faced the starter, six of whom finished in the following order:

1. A. Burn, Calgary, Calgary A.A. Time, 2:40-45.
2. Fred Fraser, Edmonton, unattached. Time, 2:47-55.
3. W. J. Turner, Edmonton, Young Liberal Club A.A. Time, 2:40-36.
4. T. H. Evans, Edmonton, unattached. Time, 2:19-39.
5. Albert McIntyre, Battenburg, unattached. Time, 2:41-33.
6. F. W. Moon, Strathcona, unattached. Time, 2:43-4.

Burn was quite fresh at the finish and received a fine ovation from the crowd.

Frank Walker, M.P.P. Fort, Saskatchewan, acted as starter; J. W. Shern, Fort Saskatchewan, as referee; Charles May, Edmonton; J. S. Haulcy, of the Olympic committee, Calgary; and Rev. H. H. Wilkins, Fort Saskatchewan, judges and H. Ballantyne, secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Calgary and secretary of the Olympic committee; J. H. Morris, Edmonton, and W. Corbett, Fort Saskatchewan, as timekeepers.

Unfortunately the Marathon race will be the only Olympic trial to be held in Alberta. So few were the entries in the other events, scheduled to take place this week at Calgary, that they were called off. Art Burn will therefore be Alberta's sole representative.

The other sports at the Fort on the holiday passed off with all the usual eclat. From Edmonton the railway carried over three thousand people, and a great many more drove and motored, following the Marathon race. The latter, by the way, will, according to Mr. Walker's announcement, take place over the same course next year.

The nine mile race from the half-way house to the race track brought out seven competitors, J. P. Fitzgerald of Edmonton won with comparative ease. The three placed were:

1. J. F. Fitzgerald, Edmonton, Liberal Club A.A. Time, 6:55-36 1-2.
2. A. E. Seward, Edmonton Y.M.C.A. Time, 1:13-19.
3. A. Hazard, Edmonton, Liberal Club A.A. Time, 1:13-53.

Hazard and Dan Fraser of Edmonton entered the course together, but the latter was overcome by the exertion before the tape was reached and help had to be summoned.

The horse races were, as usual, the main source of interest. An unfortunate incident occurred in the free-for-all when Dan Patch was put down from second to fourth place for an alleged foul, and was then withdrawn from the rest of the heats. The racing summary is as follows:

FREE-FOR-ALL TROT OR PACE.
Best three in five heats, purse \$250.
Bermuda Queen, Taylor and Spinks, Edmonton (Wright) 3 3 1 1; Ranger, P. McKenzie, Edmonton (Guest) 1 1 2 2 2; Sunny Jim, os, Clarke, Edmonton (Clarke) 1 2 3 3 3; Dan Patch, Robert Bowman, Edmonton, Bowman 2 4 (Drawn)—Time: 2:40, 2:39, 2:37 1-2, 2:33 1-2, 2:33.

THREE MINUTE TROT OR PACE.

Best two in three heats; purse \$100.
Friday, Jos. Elliott, Strathcona, 1 1; Nellie Hunter, Shera and Cameron, Fort Saskatchewan 2 2; Brown Spot, Alex. Reid, Edmonton 3 3.—Times: 3:02, 2:59 1-2.

1-2 MILE OPEN RUN.

Minnie D. F. Hutchinson, Fort Saskatchewan, 1 1; Daisy, Dr. W. A. Scott, Edmonton, 2 2; Little Devil, T. Burnett, Edmonton, 3 3.

The baseball match between Edmonton and Vegreville was won by the former by 10 5. McLaughlin and McCusker were the two pitchers tried out by the losers and Vining and Miller by the winners.

Two picked Edmonton teams played lacrosse, those designated the Edmonton seconds, winning by 6-5.

In the boys' paper chase race Townsend came first of the bands, Donald McDonald, second and Alex. Huff third. The winners among the hares were William Sayer first, Cliff Anderson second, and Milton Henry third.

St. Paul's, Edmonton, and Fort Saskatchewan played a keenly contested football match, the result being a tie.

An excellent concert in the evening in Simmons' hall concluded a most enjoyable day.

At Wetaskiwin the Turf Club put in a fine afternoon's racing. John Bear's Earlwood won the 2.45. H. E. Pendleton's Long Spin the quarter mile dash, W. H. Eggleston's Jolly Fellow the half-mile dash, R. W. Barber's Buckingham, the five eighth mile dash, J. H. Marr's Dr. Cloud the 2.25 trot, 2.30 pace, and J. H. Nickerson's Idaho Sphinxstess the Free-For-All.

As was expected Seagram carried off the King's Plate, with Seismic, although the Hendrie colt, Shimomese, was only half a length behind. Seagram's Half-a-Crow was four lengths behind Shimomese. The record was broken, 2:11 being the fastest to date.

Local sports are looking forward with much interest to the fifteen round boxing bout at the Thistle Ring next Wednesday, between Lyn Truscott, the Australian, who has made such a favorable impression in recent fights, and Billy Lauder, the former lightweight champion of Canada. They will go into the ring at 135 pounds.

The resignation of Mr. R. S. Jenkins, principal of the Strathcona schools, is announced. After an extended vacation in the East, it is understood that Mr. Jenkins will return west and make his home in Edmonton. Mr. Jenkins is a distinguished graduate of the University of Toronto and a man of ripe scholarship, who has done much for the cause of education and general culture in this part of the west and it is a matter for gratification that his friends in the Twin Cities are not to lose touch with him.

Mr. John W. Morris of Vancouver has been paying a visit to Edmonton during the past week.

Capt. T. Berville Thomas of the Camrose Mail, who has just returned from a trip to Britain, was in Edmonton last week and spoke at the weekly meeting in the Conservative rooms.

Rev. Dr. McQueen of Edmonton, Rev. A. Forbes, Fort Saskatchewan, and Dr. Holton of Strathcona will attend the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Winnipeg next week.

Mr. Charles Carey, late superintendent of the C.N.R., is assuming the proprietorship of the Strathcona Hotel, Strathcona.

On Friday afternoon last the presentation of a flag was made to the Separate School by Major Thibauden. Among those present on the occasion was Hon. Dr. Rutherford, who delivered a brief address.

Last week's Conservative meeting was addressed by Capt. Thomas, Camrose, W. L. Walsh, K.C., Calgary, Mr. Dennis, St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, Joseph Adair, Edmonton and Captain Carstairs, Strathcona.

The members of "E" squadron, C.M.R., under command of Major Thibauden, attended service at St. Albert Cathedral last Sunday.

Music and Drama.

We have had frequent occasion to remark, of late, that Edmonton was coming on in a musical sense. This observation was made in commenting on various successful enterprises carried through by our own talent. Its truth is now emphasized by the visits of various travelling organizations, of a character which would delight any community, however advanced its musical taste.

On Wednesday evening at the Edmonton Opera House a large audience heard Miss Louise Brehany in a charming programme.

Miss Brehany's voice was advertised as one of the most remarkable on record, covering three full octaves. About its unusual qualities there is no question. "Somebody that I know and you know too" was placed on the programme solely for the purpose of illustrating these. One moment the voice was cavernous in its depth and the next it was touching the vocal peaks. It was magnificent, but it was music, in the best sense? In her other numbers, where the feats attempted were those open to the ordinary singer, Miss Brehany cannot be said to have left the impression of a great artist. In a most astounding way she lost tone quality when enunciation became necessary. D'Ardelet's supremely beautiful "Because" has been sung better in Edmonton quite frequently. In Gounod's "Ave Marie," Miss Brehany was undoubtedly at her best. She has a queenly figure and general stage presence that is very striking. The portraits that were published in advance do not do her justice—which is directly contrary to the ordinary state of affairs.

Miss Brehany's associates on the programme carried everything before them. Such a master of the violin as Mr. Maximilian Dick it is very seldom anyone's opportunity to hear. To many his playing was a positive revelation of the instrument's possibilities. Such technique and yet such expression are very infrequently combined. From the opening chords of the Faust Fantasia he had the audience spellbound and the applause with which he was greeted signified that his was the undoubted triumph of the evening. But fully worthy of being classed with him were Miss Edith Adams, whose "cello solos were exquisitely given, and Miss Alice McClung, the pianist, whom one could not help wishing to have the opportunity of hearing on an instrument more in keeping with her great gifts.

Miss McClung's rendition of Liszt's "Rhapsodie No. 12" was a marvelous performance for a frail slip of a girl. Miss Adams' number was a concerto of Lindner's, Schubert's ever-beautiful "Serenade" being given in response to a hearty encore.

The instrumental trios, including Schutt's "Fairy Tales," Anitra's Dance from Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite" and Widor's "Serenade" were delightful in the extreme.

In the Canadian Courier, the following paragraph, evidently written by that old-time Edmontonian, Mr. Augustus Bridle, appears:

"Edmonton has held a music festival. This is a new thing in the west; somewhat after the fashion of the Welsh Eisteddfods—competitions of all sorts conducted by a musician from Winnipeg and winding up with a grand outburst of music by the skating rink. Edmonton has always had a great deal of musical talent; for years used to consider itself ahead of anything western outside of Winnipeg, travelling choirs and quartettes from Edmonton used to tour as far out as Banff, which is nearly three hundred miles from Edmonton. Much Old Country talent is to be found in this city of furs. There are many Cornishmen and they have formed a choral society. Always ambitious, Edmonton was the first town in the Saskatchewan valley to hear Albani; this was in the spring of 1901 when the faded old queen with a fine company went up there and gave a concert to a thousand dollar house. Last summer, still ambitious, Edmonton included as one of its three-days-fair attractions an engagement of Mrs. Fiske in the skating rink. The "props" were late in arriving so that the show began at peep of dark and ended at peep of day."

At the Edmonton Opera House last Sunday an excellent start was made in the series of Sunday evening sacred concerts. The orchestra's programme was admirably selected from the best classical composers. Mr. Pritchard was the soloist of the occasion. His well cultured baritone voice was never heard to better advantage. His duet with Mr. Hendra was also excellent.

TETRAZZINI.

Critics find you upper E
Rather thin and heady,
And your shake, they all agree,
Isn't steady.

Your cantabile is cold:
Shy in children's ballads;
And your method, we are told,
Isn't valid.
Then, again, your rising scale's
Tremulous and throating;
Lower notes suggest the wails
Of Coyote.

Critics say you are somewhat
Shy in children's ballads;
And your faults of "placing"
blot
Every scena.

Ina word, your voice is styled
Wayward and uncertain;
Yet your audience goes wild
With the curtain.

Full of faults your carolling,
Say the critics spleeny.
But—ye gods! how you can sing
Tetrazzini!

B. L. T., in Puck.

THE ORIGIN OF THE "KILTIES."

Seven years ago, in New York, the "Kilties" first made their appearance before any but a home audience, and from that day to this, they have never been allowed to retire from public view. Their appearance was the signal for instantaneous approval, and since then they have traveled over the countries of Canada, United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Mexico, regularly meeting with the success that concerted effort for perfection, in musical matters, deserves.

Unique in their costume, the "Kilties" are a distinct feature in the bands of to-day. There are bands and bands—but only one "Kilties"—this is the judgment of all who hear them. Whether it is their brilliant costumes, the fact that they are on tour so long that they never lose touch with each other, or the natural ability of the Scotch-Canadians to play well, the fact remains that there is no other such organization of a similar nature to-day that is more popular than the "Kilties."

This delightful company of artists are accompanied by a picked male choir, the famous troupe of Scotch pipers and dancers, and will be seen and heard in Edmonton on June 20th, at the Thistle Rink.

They are now on their fifteenth tour and judging from the past, it will be as successful as those that have gone before. The "Kilties" concerts are different from the usual hand concert, and added to this, the fact that the band is led by a man who knows how to get the best results, it is not a cause for wonder that the "Kilties" are hailed with delight wherever they appear. The band is under the leadership of Albert Cook.

News Notes.

At Clinton, B.C., on Thursday F. W. Trumper was acquitted of the murder of Coleman at Peace Coulee Prairie, Peace River. The evidence showed deceased to be very irascible and over bearing. Trumper confessed to a quarrel with Coleman, who, grabbing a rifle, came at him. He struck Coleman over the head with a maul. The evidence showed deceased was struck but once. Trumper, it will be remembered, was brought down to Edmonton, before being taken over to British Columbia to stand his trial.

It is expected that there will be sixty pupils in attendance at the University of Alberta in the fall. Toronto University began with 26.

The new ferry at Peace River Crossing was opened on May 5th.

The second annual meeting of the Edmonton Y.M.C.A. last week showed that the new building had been paying expenses since opened. There was still \$17,645 against it.

an effort to wipe off which will be made. The various reports showed all branches of the work in a flourishing condition. The five directors chosen to fill the vacancies which occur yearly on the directorate of fifteen were: W. W. Chown, W. L. Crafts, W. H. Clark, G. B. McLeod and H. W. Riley.

Messrs C. W. Sharpe of Winnipeg, James Carruthers of Montreal and George Carruthers of Winnipeg were in Edmonton this week for the annual meeting of the May-Sharps Construction Co.

The Russian Orthodox congregation will erect a new church building on Grierson street between Kimino and Syndicate, at a cost of \$8000.

Bishop Pinkham confirmed a class of forty at All Saints' Church on Sunday.

Mayor Dugan presided at the Strathcona council for the first time since his election on Tuesday.

The \$60,000 brick making plant near the Gallagher-Hull packing house, is now in operation. Mr. L. L. Brown is the manager of the company.

N. F. Harbottle was sent up for trial last Friday on the charge of misappropriating the funds of the Inland Revenue department. He is out on \$10,000 bail.

The Edmonton Court of Revision meets on Monday at 8 p.m.

Notice is hereby given that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company have this day deposited in the Edmonton Land Titles Office for the district of North Alberta, plan, profile and book of reference, showing the location of their railway through the said district of North Alberta, and the lands required for their right of way therein.

W. H. BIGGAR,
General Solicitor, G.T.P. Ry.
Dated this 18th day of May
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A Washington Mystery

STORY OF THE UNSAFE SAFE AND \$50,000 IN GOLD

Jacques Fatielle, in Chicago Record-Herald

A slight frown that had been growing on the smooth brow of the diplomatist was dissipated. After all, his first duty was the recovery of the stolen gold, and not a purposeless, vain questioning of the methods of the Secret Service. He would have liked to know; still, "The money—fifty thousand dollars in gold coin—was paid to me yesterday afternoon about four o'clock," he began slowly, in explanation.

"By Mr. Cross of the International Investment Company," supplemented Grimm musily.

"Yes." The diplomatist favored the young man with one sharp, inquiring glance, and continued, "The gentleman who paid the money remained here from four until nine o'clock, while I personally counted it. As I counted it, I placed it in canvas bags and when he had gone I took these bags from this room into that," he indicated a closed door, to his right, and personally stowed them away in the safe. "I closed and locked the door of the safe myself. I know that it was locked. And that's all, except this morning the money was gone—every dollar of it."

"Safe blown?" suggested Grimm. "No, sir," exclaimed the diplomatist with sudden violence. "No, the safe was not blown! It was closed and locked, just as I left it. Judging by the serenity of Grimm's face, he was not only wholly uninterested in the recital; he was positively bored. He idly twisted the seal ring on his little finger."

"Just as I left it?" Rodriguez repeated excitedly. "Last night after I locked the safe door I tried it to make certain that it was locked. I happened to notice that the pointer on the dial had stopped precisely at number forty five. This morning, when I unlocked the safe—and, of course, I didn't know then that the money had been taken the pointer was still at number forty five."

He paused with one hand in the air. Grimm continued to twist the seal ring. "It was all like some trick on the stage," the Minister went on. "Like the magician's disappearing lady, or—er. It was like I had not put the money into the safe at all."

"Did you?" inquired Grimm amiably. "Did I?" blazed the senior. "Why, senior—no! I did!" he continued meekly.

Grimm believed him. "Who else knows the combination of the safe?" he queried. "No one, senior, not a living soul," "No secretary, or an instance?" "Not even my secretary."

"Some servant, some member of your family?" "I tell you, senior, not one person in all the world knew that combination except myself!" Rodriguez insisted.

"Your secretary, a servant, some member of your family, might have seen you unlock the safe sometime and thus learned the combination?" Rodriguez didn't quite know whether to be annoyed at the persistence of this listless young man, or to admire the tenacity that held him to this point.

"You must understand, Senior Grimm, that many State documents are kept in the safe," he said finally; "therefore it is not advisable that anyone should know the combination. I have made it an absolute rule, as did my predecessors here, never to unlock the safe in the presence of another person."

"There was silence for a moment, then, "Perhaps there was a record of the combination somewhere?" Grimm suggested equably. "If you had died suddenly for instance, how would the safe have been opened?"

"There would have been only one way, senior. How I opened it. There is no record, and no one knew the combination except myself."

"Well, if we accept all that as true," observed Grimm musily, "it would seem that you either didn't put the money into the safe at all, or please sit down; there's nothing personal in this or else the money was taken out of the safe without it being unlocked. This last would have been a miracle, and this is not the day of miracles; therefore, Grimm's well modulated voice trailed off into silence.

Rodriguez came to his feet with a blaze of anger in his eyes. Grimm was watching him curiously. "I understand the senior," said the Minister deliberately, "that you believe that I—"

(Continued.)

Rodriguez drew a deep breath of relief. The implied accusation had been withdrawn as pleasantly and frankly as it had been put forward. "I came across a chap in New York once for instance," Grimm took the trouble to explain, "who could unlock any safe; that any safe of the kind used at that time, twelve or fourteen years ago. So, you see, I doubt if he would be successful with the new models, with their improvements; but then—"

"You know he would have been an ideal burglar, that chap. Now, senior, who lives here in the Legation with you?" "Four servants, two men and two women," the senior informed him, "my secretary, Senior Diaz, my daughter, Miss Thorne, and just at the moment, Miss Thorne Isabel Thorne. She is stopping with my daughter a guest."

"And who is Miss Thorne?" inquired Grimm perfunctorily. "She is charming, senior," the Minister assured him, admiringly albeit irreverently. "She is a Spanish, French, and Italian perfectly. She has been in Washington about a fortnight or so, a guest of the Countess di Rosini. My daughter met her there, at the Italian Embassy, I mean, and they grew to be excellent friends. She has been here in the Legation for two or three days."

Grimm rose indolently and stretched his legs. "Suppose we go take a look at the safe?" he suggested. "Certainly."

Rodriguez's perturbation, momentarily forgotten, instantly returned, and he started toward the closed door just as there came a timid knock from the hall. He glanced at Grimm, who nodded, then called, "Come in."

The door opened, and a young woman entered. She was clad in some flimsy, gossamer-like morning gown, with her radiant hair caught up demurely on her white neck, and the sparkle of perfect health in her blue grey eyes. At sight of Grimm she paused irresolutely.

"I beg your pardon, senior," she said, addressing the diplomatist. "I asked to know you were engaged. I think I must have dropped my handkerchief when I was in here yesterday with Inez. Perhaps you found it."

"Si, senorita," replied Rodriguez gallantly. "It is on my desk in here. Just a moment."

And together they entered the adjoining room. Grimm's languid eyes met those of the young woman for an instant with a sort of listless interest. She smiled at him quite frankly, and lowered her head, Rodriguez appeared from the other room with the handkerchief, a dainty trifle of lace.

"Mil gracias, senior," she thanked him. "No hay de que, senorita," he returned. He held open the door, and she passed out.

"Miss Thorne?" inquired Grimm. "Yes."

"Pretty, isn't she?" "And together they entered the adjoining room. It was small compared to the room they had just left, and Rodriguez used it as a private office. His desk was on their right, and the window which over-looked a pleasant little garden below; the safe, a formidable one looking respectable of black enameled steel, stood at their left, closed and locked; and the remaining wall space in the room was given over to oak cabinets, evidently a strange place for Legation papers of all kinds.

"Has anyone besides yourself been in this room today?" inquired Grimm. "Not a soul, senior," was the reply.

Grimm went over and idly inspected the windows. They were both locked inside and there were no marks of any sort on the sills. "They are just as I left them last night," explained Rodriguez. "I have touched them today."

"And there's only one door," mused Grimm, meaning that by which they had entered. "So it would appear that whoever has here last night entered through that room. Very well."

He walked round the room once, opening and shutting the doors of the oak cabinets as he passed, to assure himself that there was no spare where a person could hide. Finally he paused in front of the safe. A brief examination of the mangled dial and handle and of the enameled door satisfied him that no force had been attempted; the safe had merely been unlocked. Whereupon he sat himself down cross-legged on the floor in front of it.

"What are the first and second figures of the combination?" he asked, after a moment. "Thirty six is the first," was the reply; "then back to ten." Grimm set the dial at thirty six, and then, with his ear pressed close against the polished door, turned the dial slowly backward. Rodriguez stood looking on helplessly, but none the less intently. The pointer read ten, then nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and finally one. Grimm turned and gazed at it thoughtfully, after which he did it all over again, placidly, and without haste.

"Now, we'll look inside, please," he requested.

Rodriguez unlocked the safe, while Grimm respectfully turned his eyes away, then pulled it open wide. The books had been piled one on top of another, and thrust into various pigeonholes at the top. Grimm understood that this disorder was the result of making room at the bottom for the bulk of gold, and asked no question. Instead he sat down on the floor again.

"I think on this private compartment at the top is broken," he remarked after a moment.

"Si, senior," the diplomatist agreed. "Evidently the robbers were not with only fifty thousand dollars in gold; they imagined that some thing else of value was hidden there."

"Contented all right," asked Grimm naively. He didn't look round.

"Nothing of monetary value," the senior explained. "There were no important papers in there; they are there yet, but no money."

"None of the papers were stolen?" "No, senior. There were only nine packets; they are there yet."

"Yes, I personally looked them over." Grimm drew out packets of papers, one by one. They were all unopened, save the last. When he reached for that, Rodriguez made a quick involuntary motion towards it.

"This one is sealed," commented Grimm. "It doesn't happen that you opened it, and sealed it again?" Rodriguez stood staring at him blankly for a moment; then some sudden apprehension was aroused, for a startled look came into his eyes, and again he reached for the packet and locked the door.

"Dios mio!" he exclaimed. "Let me see, senior."

"Going to open it?" asked Grimm. "Yes, senior. I had not thought of it before."

Grimm rose and walked over to the window, where the light was better. There he scrutinized the sealed packet closely. There were three red blotches of wax on it, each impressed with the legation seal; the envelope was without marks otherwise. He turned and twisted it aimlessly, and peered curiously at the various seals, afterwards he handed it to the impatient diplomatist.

"I hardly think it necessary," he remarked. But Rodriguez did open it, with nervous, twisting fingers. He had turned towards the safe again; but he heard the crackle of parchment as some document was drawn out of the envelope, and then came a deep sigh of relief from the Minister. Having satisfied his sudden fears for the safety of the paper, whatever it was, the senior placed it in another envelope, and sealed it again with elaborate care.

Grimm dropped into the swivel chair at the desk, and called Campbell on the telephone, enquiring there, "Grimm," he said tersely, when an answer came. "Information—thirteen-four-fifteen—twelve—twelve—eight—fifteen—eight—fourteen—five."

There was a little pause. Rodriguez turned in Frank wonder, and gazed curiously at the impassive Grimm. "It was merely one of the commonplace of Secret Service methods."

"Nine, nineteen, one-two-five—twelve," replied Campbell. "I arrived in Washington two weeks and two days ago from New York, off steamer from Liverpool. Brought introduction to the Minister."

"Special invitation to State Ball that night issued at his request. Since then a guest in his place. Prominently pushed forward into society. No trace of her before her appearance here. Liverpool, Paris, Rome, Madrid, and St. Petersburg now investigating. Stopping at V. Legation for three days."

Grimm hung up the receiver, and leaned back in the swivel chair. Rodriguez, crossing himself, summed, and his eyes fell on the sealed package.

"Senior," Grimm inquired pleasantly by your daughter and Miss Miss Thorne are in this room yesterday afternoon?" "Yes," replied the diplomatist as if surprised at the question.

"What time, please?" "About three o'clock. They were going out driving. Why?" "And just where, please, did you find that handkerchief?" continued Grimm.

"Handkerchief?" repeated the diplomatist. "You mean Miss Thorne's handkerchief?" He paused and regarded Grimm keenly. "Senior, what am I to understand from that question?" he demanded. "It was plain enough, replied Grimm. "Where did you find that handkerchief?" There was silence for an instant. "In this room?"

"Yes," replied Rodriguez at last. "Near the safe?" Grimm persisted.

"Yes," came the slow reply again; "just here," and he indicated a spot at the end of the safe. "Thirty six—And when did you find it. Yesterday afternoon? Last night? This morning?"

"This morning," and without any apparent reason the diplomatist's face went deathly white. "But senior, senior, you are mistaken! There can be nothing. A woman's eight, seven, five, four, three, two, one, and fifty pounds of gold? Senior!"

Grimm was still pleasant about it, his curiosity was absolutely impersonal. His languid eyes were turned straight into the face of Rodriguez; but they expressed only the mildest interest.

"If that handkerchief had been there last night, senior," he resumed quietly, "wouldn't you have noticed it when you placed the gold in the safe?"

Rodriguez stared at him for a long time. "I don't know," he said at last. He dropped back into a chair with his face in his hands.

"Senior," he burst out suddenly, impetuously, after a moment, "if the gold is not recovered, I am ruined! You understand that better than I can tell you. It's the sort of thing that could not be explained to my Government." He rose suddenly, and faced the impassive young man, with merciless determination in his face. "You must find the gold, senior!" he said.

"No matter who may be who may suffer," inquired Grimm.

"Find the gold, senior," said the diplomatist.

"Very well," commented Grimm, without moving. "Do me the favor please, to regain possession of the handkerchief you just returned to Miss Thorne, and to send to me here your secretary Senior Diaz, and your servants, one by one. I shall question them alone. They may not be alarmed. Unless they know of the robbery, they will get no inkling of it from me. First he good enough to replace the packet in the safe, and lock the door."

Rodriguez replaced the packet without question, locked the safe, and went out. A moment later Diaz appeared. He remained with Grimm for just eight minutes. Rodriguez entered again as his secretary went out, and laid a lace handkerchief on the desk. "It's the same handkerchief?" queried Grimm. "Si, senior."

"There's no doubt whatever about it."

"No, senior. I got it by—" "It's of no consequence," interrupted Grimm. "Now the servants, please?" the men first. (To be continued.)



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The laughing boy, all credulous of good, long lost, far-wandered in the ways of men.

He came and roused me with an olden mood.

He came the lover and enthusiast, shook off my years and with enlightened eyes.

Smiled at the shadow that the world has cast.

And looked at life with all the old surprise.

And I, the slave of patience, took him in.

Gave him my heart and bade him welcome home.

Thrilled with his dreams of all I yet may win.

Allured again in golden paths to roam.

And now I know life has no greater joy.

Than, having lived, to be once more a boy.

The little Queen is dead; but the 24th of May still lives!

Protest as you will you business-hardened men of the world, that holidays are all rot, and the 24th of May one particular barbarity, you cannot alter the fact, or prevent by so much as the soft little sputter of a squib, the spirit of Romance from walking the streets on that day, as much alive as she ever was, when you yourself held comets of war in the hay-loft, dreamed dreams, and lay awake half of the night planning the most wonderful celebrations for this same, much-abused but ever glorious day.

So long as there are children to show us the way, on a few holidays in the year we will all of us hitch our waggon to the stars, and substitute the dream for the business, the thoughts and delicious fears and gaieties of childhood for our prosaic old, every-day philosophies.

And surely there was never so much need of these dream days, these 24ths, and Hallow Eens and Christmas days as there is just at this present.

The worldly-wise man down in his counting house who cares only for his beef, his selfish comfort and his pew in eternity, will laugh scornfully at this, and demand to know how his balance-sheet would appear, if he took to dreaming, forgetting that his business of to-day originated years ago in the dreams of a boy and those of a budding, ambitious young man; also that the happy people are not, queerly enough, necessarily those who fly about in motors and have to their credit a long balance at the bank, but are the ones who have mastered the art of childhood, of seeing in an ordinary holiday, the possibilities of an Arabian Nights' Dream.

Necessarily these must be the real letter days of the year; the business of life and its demands is so much with us late and soon; but when they do come, grasp them and hug them with the hand of your little child to who closely, lovingly, so may you catch fleeting glimpses of the days when you tried

"The magic road to Anywhere, when each day had its story;

When life was yet your vessel, and life's jest was still unaltered;

When peace unfathomed filled your heart as, bathed in amber glory

Along the road to Anywhere, you watched the sunsets fade."

For myself, I slipped back on Monday, into this magic road, that leads to the land of Wonderful Adventures.

The small boy had arranged it so.

"Twenty-fourths," had said the Man of the House the night before, "are a bit of a nuisance. They knock the week's business into a coked hat." But that didn't prevent our planning to waken early and go and view the start of the road race. With that idea in view, and a programme of a day's golf to follow, we went to sleep, only for me to shortly afterwards waken to the steady drip, drip, splash, splash, of the heavy rain storm that heralded in a heap of disappointment to the coming day's pleasure seekers.

A glimpse of a peaceful little

face in the cat beside me, flushed with anticipation of to-morrow's sport, kept me open-eyed, wondering what I could do to mitigate his bitter disappointment, and the next thing I knew it was morning, the sun was up, and somehow I found that I was strangely rested for having lost so much sleep. Kept up to a pitch of what was oddly enough something nearly approaching excitement, we had our breakfast and then toted off to witness the start of the big race. En route we had the boy's ideas on foot races in general, his own speed, and his opinion that he could personally beat all other entries, professional or otherwise (he is even), to Clover Bar say, but that he was afraid he couldn't hold out to the Fort. "Sort of pains came in the sides of his legs when he ran too far, he was so fast, you know."

Before we reached the Alberta Hotel we saw a number of youngsters trying each other out, while two "Posies" forgot their dignity and uniforms and had a run for it down Rice street.

So does the infection of any fine sport spread to all of us, and so, I maintain, will the encouragement of all good clean pastimes and trials of strength better the whole city in which they are held. If I were Mayor of Edmonton to-morrow I should cease puzzling my brain as to how to deal with a certain social evil of which we have heard so much of late, and set myself instead to instituting all sorts of competitions for manly skill and vigor, the training or self-control essential to any success in which, seems to me, to be at the bottom, the thing which in the end is all we can depend upon to bring about this great reform.

A man who is in the pink of condition must respect himself, if only that he has conquered some of his most ordinary appetites. His mode of life is evident in his build; pent-up force shines through every movement of his body. In time he comes to loathe a woman, whose face and figure are a mirror of debauchery and profligacy. High-livers will bear the brand of their living, we women will in turn learn to respect and love straight, self-controlled strong men. You may believe me, a woman who admires physical perfection in anything from a good horse to a man, you mayors and councillors, that in my suggestion you have your most effectual remedy.

A few moments late the race came off; but what a difference in the morning does a muddy road make! Where the night before a long list of names of intending competitors was blazoned forth in the papers, seven men actually started. It was a sight worth seeing for all that, and all along the line, were crowds of men—boys again for the time being—commenting on the lither, finely developed figures, the stride, and other perquisites of the men. First of all came No. 13 (a hoodoo you'd say on a bet) Burns of Calgary. A long, fuzzy fair-haired (it looked red) chap, athlete written all over him. The man next him I didn't recognize, but up the side walk there came in your man of the north

quick to seize every advantage, loped money.

A long, swarthy, clean-limbed fellow, Fraser, of Fort Chippewyan, the dark horse of the race. Oh but it was the good wishes that sped after him! A big I distinguished the back of his jersey; it was "prophetic!" As we went home we on our own old cross-country triumphs. In such moods he and the two come very close to each other, and enter into a sympathetic not otherwise obtainable.

Well, 'tens I still pin my colors to Colin Fraser's son; next year who knows? A decade hence there'll be the boy who as yet gets pains in the sides of his legs, but who then, Hero prefix, that I'd sooner have if please Heaven, will be able to at I was a father, than all the wealth least give my man a chase for his of Christendom.

Coming home from this first adventure, the man who had had such stress on first the business, then the dream, was right about face and was all for reminiscing about his own old cross-country triumphs.

Such moods he and the two come very close to each other, and enter into a sympathetic not otherwise obtainable.

I like the man who remembers that he was a small lad himself once. So long as he bears it in mind, his own boy won't go far wrong and will spell his name with a capital sides of his legs, but who then, Hero prefix, that I'd sooner have if please Heaven, will be able to at I was a father, than all the wealth least give my man a chase for his of Christendom.

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To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and cry
A Stander-By

Attended with all the elation and brilliancy imaginable, the Hal Poudre of 1908, given by the Westward Ho Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire on Empire Day in the Separate School hall, has passed into history.

It was not that the dance was one of the largest that has taken place in Edmonton, nor that the decorations were as elaborate as might be, that one will recall it with enthusiasm and memories, but that, like both the preceding events under the auspices of this Chapter, the women in their powder and patches were never lovelier, and there was a verve and contagious merriment about the affair that has come to be peculiarly associated with Westward Ho dances.

Perhaps the smallness of the sale de dance as compared with the immense floor space provided by the Thistle Ring, mitigated to some trifling extent in providing such an imposing appearance as was notable at both the former dances, but what was lost in a big sense, was more than made up for in the cheery, intimate character that was imparted, making the affair take on the character of a private house dance, rather than the nature of a big public ball. This effect was again heightened by the soft glow of the pink shaded electric lights, the cosy sitting out corners, comfy lounging chairs, and other perquisites so rarely found when a large crowd has to be provided for.

At the far end of the hall on the elevated stage were the support tables, gay with lovely pink azaleas and other bloom; around about and everywhere in evidence were flags and streamers of hunting, while high above all crowning the scene as it were, was the distinctive emblem of the Daughters of the Empire, the seven-pointed white star on a field of blue with the flag of the Empire across the centre, and the King's crown surmounting all. Draped just behind it were the British flag and the Union Jack, typical of the close union that binds the Daughters of that great Mother England, to all her Daughters in the various colonies.

Another patriotic touch that was added to the occasion was furnished by a few scattered red coats, and two of the Royal North West Mounted Police in uniform but next year I would like to see a few more militaries; I have a natural weakness for scarlet fever.

Now I might write you for ever and a day of the fascination of powder and patches, of Dolly Varden curls and the quaint periods when fairs and high-dressed coiffures, and gallant men and spoiled beauties not only distinguished the social world of their day, but ruled the courts of the world as well, but this you probably know quite as much about as I could hope to tell you. What more concerns me, and after all this is, how the Edmonton women of 1908 compared with the exquisite dames of the long ago, who wore what, and those present. And so enough of generalities.

Before plunging into my description, I must, however, say a word for the rattling good orchestra who made the dancing such a delight, and the fine floor that helped matters along so well. Both were excellent, the music, the best I have heard at a dance in Edmonton, played with more "go," "fire" and rhythm, the various instruments under Mr. Richardson's baton, bringing out their individual parts in splendid fashion.

And now for the women and their frocks. Last week I half promised to decide on a "belle," it sounded easy until you saw the hosts of charming costumes and their fair wearers, but even at the ball I made up my mind that under the prevailing circumstances, comparisons would be altogether odious, everyone looked well, each to her type, and who was I with my individual preferences, to sit in judgment on so weighty a question.

Among the stately women and fair young beauties were particularly noticeable: Mrs. James Lafferty of Calgary, in an exquisite gown of black and white embroidered chiffon over taffeta, with her sister, Mrs. Harvey of Orillia, in a handsome black sequined frock, watched, with Mrs. Taylor and a few friends, the proceedings from

the stage. Mrs. Turnbull in an attractive gown of cream voile, with medallion and lace garniture, the Regent pro tem of the Westward Ho Chapter, and an indefatigable worker on all the committees. Mrs. Ewing in an elaborate costume of grey tulle, inset with some soft-toned embroidery, her hair pouf and worn a la Pompadour.

Mrs. Jack Anderson, one of the smartest dressed young matrons in pink chiffon tulle, a French concoction with the latest soft trimmings of lace, chiffon and embroidered applique, a long pink feather, resembling a peacock's in her powdered coiffure; Mrs. Nightingale, whom I have written a letter to say you must now take it for granted, in cream dotted net over tulle, her hair beautifully poufed; Mrs. Wilkin of Fort Saskatchewan in palest blue crepe de chine, the bodice a mass of iridescent blue sequins and filmy lace; Mrs. Lines, a regal figure in a stunning black toilette, with touches of white chiffon; Mrs. Pardo in white lace, her hair dressed high and reminding one of the clear-cut types of miniature beauties, so prevalent in the days of the old French regime; Mrs. Percy Hardisty whose powder and patches worked such a transformation that half her friends didn't recognize her, a dainty little figure in white point d'esprit, her sweet winsome face framed in quaintly parted hair, like our grandmother's worn in the old dagerotypes, but which proved eminently becoming; Mrs. Seoble looking very petite and charming in a lovely white lace robe; Mrs. Ferris in an elaborate black lace and heavily sequined frock; Mrs. Holston in an exquisite yellow brocade satin gown, with rich lace here and the hand-embroidered French knots, her clever, animated face, set off by the quaintly dressed hair, parted and done low on the neck; Mrs. Richards in a handsome pink silk, with a vest of softly shirred white chiffon; Mrs. Arthur Murphy in a becoming gown of black sequins, enjoying it immensely from the stage; Mrs. Hyndman, who was very much admired in pink striped silk with cream lace garniture, a high marabout aigrette in her becomingly dressed coiffure; Mrs. Duncan Smith, in a lovely black sequined robe, with touches of pale blue velvet on the corsage, and a little diadem arrangement of soft blue feathers in her hair; Mrs. Lister, in a rich gown of soft green silk, plentifully adorned with some beautiful lace, a spray of gold wheat in her hair, a decidedly winning English type of beauty; Mrs. Samuel Dickson of Fort Saskatchewan in a pretty Dresden silk gown with touches of pink; Mrs. Spratt in cream silk voile with some lovely roses on the corsage; Mrs. Jellott in an attractive frock of pink and grey organdie, her powdered hair proving vastly becoming; Mrs. Alan Fraser, one of the prettiest matrons, in black embroidered net; Mrs. de Lot, a blonde woman, whose claims as one of the handsomest women no one questioned, wearing a black net robe over white tulle, her hair dressed in high pulls on her aristocratic head; Mrs. T. S. F. Jackson in dainty butterfly silk with Val lace garniture; Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes in becoming black figured grenadine over white silk; Mrs. Wallbridge, daintily lovely in white chiffon over Dresden silk, with garniture of Dresden ribbon, and a black velvet band at the throat; Mrs. Shaesgreen in a blonde lace robe over old rose tulle; Mrs. Frank Smith wearing a pretty black net frock with satin ribbon trimmings; Mrs. Antoine Harwood in canary-colored silk, with elaborately dressed coiffure; Mrs. Bob Robertson a winsome little figure in old rose embroidered lace chiffon; Mrs. Dan Baker in black dotted net over tulle, her hair dressed with a coronet braid effect; Mrs. Von Haast in soft white silk and lace on the corsage, her coiffure parted and dressed low on the neck; Mrs. John I. Mills in a handsome cream lace robe over pink silk, with silk embroidered garniture; Mrs. Frank Sommerville in a graceful Empire frock of pink tulle; Mrs. Charlesworth who looked unusually pretty and attractive in black silk with jet and white chiffon trim-

mings; Mrs. Yorke in rich black silk, chaperoning a number of the younger set. Mrs. George Stockand in a vastly becoming frock of white silk, lace and chiffon.

Among the prettiest girl partners I noticed: Miss Rhodes, never lovelier, in white silk point d'esprit over tulle; Miss Kelly of Chicago, in white chiffon, with a great knot of purple sweet peas, tied with purple satin cord, caught at the belt; Miss Shibley in lovely yellow tulle; Miss Boncher in yellow figured organdie trimmed with bias yellow folds; Miss Gladys MacLean in pale blue figured organdie; Miss Merrill in soft pink Liberty silk; Miss Pat Matheson in black voile; Miss Viva Sommerville in a black sequined robe; Miss Abby in an Empire frock of white satin; Miss Dorothy in blue silk, Empire fashion; Miss Eleanor Taylor in white point d'esprit, a very popular girl; Miss Rose Taylor in a coffee colored lace robe over pink, with pink velvet girdle; Miss Henderson in blue and white figured organdie; Miss Hland in white silk; Miss Shannon in pale blue silk; Miss Ferris very sweet and animated in white point d'esprit; Miss Murphy in native dress; Miss Reid in Dresden organdie with touches of pale pink; Miss McKenny in champagne voile and Miss Kathleen Murphy in silver outlined figured blue net over tulle.

Over two hundred guests were present, and a substantial amount, will, it is expected, be realized for the funds of the Chapter.

I see that at the State hall which took place at Government House, Ottawa, last week Mrs. Frank Oliver danced in the State set of Lancers, wearing a beautiful gown of ivory duchesse satin, embroidered in a design of roses with berries of old rose point and collar of diamonds, and that Miss Claire and Miss Anna Oliver who were also present wore, the first an Empire frock of rose satin, trimmed with old rose point and bands of satin. Miss Anna, a pretty gown of white silk net, embroidered in pink roses over white silk and chiffon.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Richards of 14th street received for the first time since coming to Edmonton, the lovely day and a desire to meet one of the latest acquisitions to Edmonton's popular young matronhood, tempting a large number to don their best bibs and tuckers, otherwise laid aside for the summer months, and pay their respects.

The cosy home was looking its best, prettily decked with many lovely blue velvet on the corsage, and a little diadem arrangement of soft blue feathers in her hair; Mrs. Lister, in a rich gown of soft green silk, plentifully adorned with some beautiful lace, a spray of gold wheat in her hair, a decidedly winning English type of beauty; Mrs. Samuel Dickson of Fort Saskatchewan in a pretty Dresden silk gown with touches of pink; Mrs. Spratt in cream silk voile with some lovely roses on the corsage; Mrs. Jellott in an attractive frock of pink and grey organdie, her powdered hair proving vastly becoming; Mrs. Alan Fraser, one of the prettiest matrons, in black embroidered net; Mrs. de Lot, a blonde woman, whose claims as one of the handsomest women no one questioned, wearing a black net robe over white tulle, her hair dressed in high pulls on her aristocratic head; Mrs. T. S. F. Jackson in dainty butterfly silk with Val lace garniture; Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes in becoming black figured grenadine over white silk; Mrs. Wallbridge, daintily lovely in white chiffon over Dresden silk, with garniture of Dresden ribbon, and a black velvet band at the throat; Mrs. Shaesgreen in a blonde lace robe over old rose tulle; Mrs. Frank Smith wearing a pretty black net frock with satin ribbon trimmings; Mrs. Antoine Harwood in canary-colored silk, with elaborately dressed coiffure; Mrs. Bob Robertson a winsome little figure in old rose embroidered lace chiffon; Mrs. Dan Baker in black dotted net over tulle, her hair dressed with a coronet braid effect; Mrs. Von Haast in soft white silk and lace on the corsage, her coiffure parted and dressed low on the neck; Mrs. John I. Mills in a handsome cream lace robe over pink silk, with silk embroidered garniture; Mrs. Frank Sommerville in a graceful Empire frock of pink tulle; Mrs. Charlesworth who looked unusually pretty and attractive in black silk with jet and white chiffon trim-

On Saturday Mrs. Cautley and Mrs. Swaisland were the hostesses of the weekly tea at the Links, being kept exceedingly busy by a host of golfers and associate members dispensing tea and delicious cake and sandwiches. Even more than the usual throng of devotees seemed present, and an exceedingly jolly afternoon was the result.

On Monday morning there was an interesting event on, when a large number of the men players, took part in a Bogey competition, Mr. Sydney B. Woods winning out, with a score of three down. In the afternoon in a mixed foursome competition Dr. Cobhett and Mrs. Nightingale were the fortunate capturers of the sweepstakes. Wednesday the ladies held their weekly luncheon when only five good sports turned up, but there was five times that amount of fun. Those who participated in this merriest and most enjoyable event of the week were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Brunter, Mrs. Thibault, Miss Bate and Mrs. Balmer Watt. In the afternoon the monthly medal play took place and three of the young ladies, Miss Murphy, Miss Connie Rhodes and Miss Merrill, all prettily frocked in dainty light summer dresses, served a delicious tea.

Miss J. A. Potter, graduate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, daughter of Mr. A. E. Potter of this city has passed very successfully her senior vocal examination. Miss Potter will remain in Toronto until the closing of the term completing her teaching course.

On Friday of last week the prizes awarded by the Beaver House Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire for the best essays written by city school pupils on "The Plains of Abraham" were presented at Mackay Avenue school. The girl's first prize was won by Helene Williams and the boys, by Lyon Barron. Muriel Stewart and Pearl Watt won the girl's seconds and Alfred Cuch the boys' second. Those securing honorable mention were Annie Heilamy, Ella Ramsay, Helen Whitney and Morrison Fisher. At Friday's presentation ceremony, Superintendent McCaug presided, and in addition to the members of the Chapter, the Premier, the school board and others interested in the cause of education were present. Mrs. Ferris made the presentations and Mrs. Hyndman and Mrs. Short read the prize essays. After a speech from Hon. Mr. Rutherford and an inspection of the cadet corps, the visitors were entertained by the teachers of the school. The members of Beaver House Chapter are to be congratulated on their laudable undertaking and on the interest which the scholars have shown.

Note and Comment

(Continued from page 4.)

avoid offending the prejudices of this and that individual or collection of individuals and as a result saying nothing that is worth paying heed to. If this is what he has to do, to preserve the name of "independent," he prefers to let it go and allow people to give him and his paper any designation they see fit.

A reader sends a clipping from the Glasgow Herald of May 2, in which this item appears:

"Fifteen snow-ploughs were in use on the streets of Edinburgh on Friday. The fall of snow practically lasted eighteen hours."

In Alberta winter didn't set in till the middle of December and took its final leave before the end of March. It isn't always that way. We are bound at times to have the summer season shortened at one end or the other. But there is no more reason why our climate should be judged by occasional freaks of the weather, any more than there is for regarding the snowfall above described as typical of the month of May in Scotland.

At Thursday night's meeting of the Edmonton council, the aldermen were given a surprise. The committee which has been investigating the manner in which the city's public works have been carried on presented its report and severely criticized the commissioners and the city engineer. They were charged with mismanagement in connection with sewer construction and boulevarding and the erection of the telephone and isolation hospital buildings. The latter are said to be faulty in structure and the city officials are blamed for the result, although the report distinctly states that there is no evidence of dishonest dealing on the part of any of those concerned. To the committee's censure Commissioner Pace and City Engineer Keely presented lengthy replies, while Commissioner Kinnaird tendered his resignation.

The latter's action, after the fourteen years that he has spent in the city's service, in which time he has been the outstanding figure in the administration of its affairs, is an event of no small importance. Whether the strictures of the committee were justified or not, we are not in a position to say at present, with the bare report laid before us, shortly before going to press. Doubtless at a later date more light will be thrown upon the matters dealt with, so that the public will be better enabled to judge of the merits of the controversy.

We notice among the new things a nice lot of dainty cushion tops for out-lining or embroidery at Little's.

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